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Broken Links.

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❖ Broken Links. ❖

A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

—BY—

E. Nelson Barr.

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

34
—O—

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—O—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

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BROKEN LINKS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR ARMAND.....
 NED ARMAND.....
 REGINALD DARLING.....
 GUY MANNING.....
 ROGER GLENMORE.....
 MIKE DONELY.....
 HARRY TEMPLE.....
 POMP.....
 MIGNON ARMAND.....
 FANCHON ARMAND.....
 MILDRED NORTON.....
 BIDDY MALONE.....

NEWSBOY.

—X—

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mr. Armand.

Biddy and Mike. An Irish love scene, discovered by Ned, who is under the sofa. "Yum—yum—yum." Mr. Armand and Fanchon. She refuses her father's request. "My will is law." Pomp, the black haythorn." Song "Little Black Mustache." Ned and the verb, "love." Fanchon refuses Harry Temple. A father's curse. "Out of my home forever."

ACT II.—Woods Scene.

Roger Glenmore, a villain. Ned and Pomp. "Twinkle, twinkle little star." Mildred relates her story, which Roger denies. Mildred's revenge. Death of Roger by Mildred's hand.

ACT III.—Same as Act I.

Mr. Armand insane. Search for Fanchon and Mildred. Mike, the happiest man alive. News of Mildred. Fanchon discovered by Harry.

ACT IV.—Same as Act I.

Pomp and Ned. Mr. Armand's attempt to burn the house. "I'm mad—mad." Millie and Guy. Death of Millie.

ACT V.—Same as Act I.

Fanchon at home. Mr. Armand's reason restored. A father's blessing. Mike and Biddy and Pomp. Mr. Armand's advice.

—X—

COSTUMES—Modern.

—X—

TIME OF PERFORMANCE, TWO HOURS.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

*. The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

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Broken Links.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in MR. ARMAND'S house—BIDDY discovered sweeping.*

Biddy. Begad and this is a quare house I've got into this time. Old Master Armand says "his will is law," and so I'm thinking it is, for there is niver one of them that will turn for fear of him. He's so hard and strict. They say that's what killed his poor wife, and I believe it, I do for a fact, and now he's trying it on poor Fanchon, trying to make her marry a man she don't love. But he'll find his daughter has a touch of his own hard will, and that she won't marry Harry Temple, just because old Temple and him have set their hearts on it. But where can Mike be, I wonder, he's most generally up about this time in the mornin'. Faix and he ain't such a bad fellow after all. And here he is.

Enter, MIKE DONELY, R. E.

Mike. The top of the mornin' to ye my swate Biddy, and how are ye me darlin'.

Bid. O! go long ye dirty Irishman and rub down your horses, and don't be running around here this toime in the mornin'.

Mike. Oh! don't be cutting me off in that kind of a shape, won't ye come with me, swate Biddy, under the juniper tree.

Bid. Oi'm thinking you'd better be walking back to the stable, and quit radin' thim novels, as 'll be the ruin of ye.

Mike. O! Biddy, me charmin' angel, you're the flower of my heart. Come, let's take a walk.

Bid. You better walk back to the barn pretty quick, and don't be talkin' walks at 7 o'clock in the mornin'. (*pursues him off R., with upraised broom*) Och! I hope he'll come back. (*exit, BIDDY, R.*)

Enter, NED ARMAND, R. E.

Ned. Thought I heard voices in here. I'll bet it was Mike and Biddy. Guess I'll hide and see the circus. (*hides under sofa*)

Enter, MIKE, R. E.

Mike. And where is the pretty Biddy gone now. Oi'm thinkin' I'll practice a little, while she's out. (*takes out novel and reads aloud*) "And as the shades of evenin' fell softly about them and the stars shone silently upon them, their hearts bate fast as they wandered

hand in hand beneath the juniper tree." Faix and I wonder if I can spake it off the book. But here comes my juniper. (*hides book*)

Enter, BIDDY, R. E.

Bid. You here again me darlin' Irishman.

Mike. Come Biddy, as the stars are fallin', no—as the junipers are fallin', we'll silently, hand in hand, under the shades of the soft evenin'—

Bid. Now who ever heard of the stars shinin' at 7 o'clock in the mornin'. And you'd better be after quittin' them novels, they'll be the ruin of ye, they'll be makin' ye crazy. Now Mike, be a good fellow and go back to your work.

Mike. O! Biddy, me darlin', let us to a soft walk under the stars of the juniper—

Btd. O! Mike, you'll be the death of me. (*sinks on sofa*)

Mike. (*seating himself beside her and kissing her*) O! Biddy, our hearts 'll bate fast. (*they embrace*)

Ned. (*under sofa*) Yum! Yum! do it again.

NED emerges from sofa, BIDDY screams and runs MIKE off R., NED off L., she sweeps.

Bid. Och! and if that Irishman comes around here again, I'll make him see stars at 7 o'clock in the mornin'.

(*sweeps energetically, NED appears in door, L. and sings*)

Ned.
Biddy's mad and I am glad
And I know what will please her,
A bottle of wine to make her shine,
And Mike Donelly to squeeze her.

BIDDY with upraised broom, NED in door, L., MIKE in door, R.

PICTURE.

SCENE II.—Same as Scene I. FANCHON discovered sewing, MR. ARMAND reading.

Mr. Armand. (*laying down paper*) Fanchon!

Fanchon. Well, papa.

Mr. A. I would like to speak to you, Fanchon, about a matter, which has long been in my mind. You know George Temple has been my life long friend. We went to school together, and when a son was born to him, and you came to bless our home, we hoped that we might be united in closer bonds than friendship. Fanchon, we have cherished for long years, the hopes that we should live to see our children united. Harry Temple's character is irreproachable, his business qualifications good. I want you to think over it, Fanchon, I have thought of it for years; it is the one wish of my heart. Think over it, Fanchon, and remember that it is your old father's wish to see you the wife of his old friend's son before he dies.

Fan. Yes, I will think of it, father, but I—I—

Mr. A. But what?

Fan. I am afraid I cannot obey you in this—

Mr. A. Not obey me, why are you not my child? How dare you refuse to marry the man of my choice? .

Fan. Because, father, I do not love him.

Mr. A. (sneering) Love! Ah! that is nothing but sentimental nonsense. You will think better of it, Fanchon, for remember *(rises)* my will is law. *(exit, L.)*

Fan. Marry Harry Temple! I cannot! I cannot! O! that I could love him for poor papa's sake, but I cannot love him. O! why do I love Reginald Darling, when I know that he can never be anything to me, for he shows by every look and actions, that he loves my sister, Mignon. If I could love Harry I would willingly do so, if but for papa's sake; but I cannot marry a man I do not love. *(bows head on table)*

Enter, MIGNON ARMAND, L. E.

Mignon. Why Fanchon! what is the trouble?

Fan. O! Mignon, the time I have dreaded, has come. Father has commanded me to marry Harry Temple.

Mig. Well Fanchon, he is young, talented and handsome.

Fan. But I do not love him.

Mig. But you will learn to love him.

Fan. No! Mignon, I never will, because—well no matter why. I have always tried to please papa in every way, why should he force me into something I cannot conscientiously do? *(rising)*

Mig. But father will be so angry.

Fan. (sadly) I cannot help it. I do not love Harry Temple, and marry him I never will. *(exit, R.)*

Mig. Poor child, her heart will break with the conflict within her, of love for her father and obedience to her conscience. She surely cannot love someone else. O! I know what it is to love, to feel that life is not worth living without the presence of one on whom all hopes of happiness depend, for without Roger Glenmore, life would not be worth living. I am sorry that Reginald Darling loves me; he betrays it in every look and action. But such, alas, is life.

Enter, POMP, R. E.

Pomp. Say Missy, der's a young chap that would like to see you. He was just passing you know, and thought he'd drop in and see how we all was.

Mig. Did he say that.

Pomp. No! I just 'spected it.

Mig. Well, show him up. *(exit, POMP, R.)* I wonder who it can be, I hope it is Roger.

Enter, POMP and REGINALD DARLING, R. E.

Pomp. Young gent to speak to ye, Missy. *(backs out bowing)*

Reg. I hope Miss Mignon that you will forgive this rather unceremonious call; but somehow I could not help coming. There are times when the destiny of a human being hangs by a thread. Miss Mignon that time has come with me, and you hold that thread. You surely could not help seeing how much I love you. I have betrayed it in every look and word. It is for you to say whether my life shall be a happy one, or whether it shall be one of misery. I

offer you a heart, honest and true, Mignon. O! Mignon, will you accept it?

Mig. Reginald, your words pain me. I would willingly entrust my happiness and my heart to your keeping, but, alas, my heart is not my own. Reginald, I will tell you honestly and candidly, that I love another. I admire and respect your honesty and character, but give you my love I never can, for I have given my heart to another. O! do not tempt me, Reginald. I know you will not.

Reg. No! Mignon, I would have you remain true to your troth, and thereby show that you are the true, grand, and noble woman I believe you to be. As for me, *my* life will not be happy, except in this, that you are happy.

Mig. Do not speak so, Reginald, if you will leave me and seek new pleasures and new scenes, you will soon forget me.

Reg. Forget you! Mignon, I never can. I believe that the one who has won your esteem, if it be a true love, will ever retain his hold on your heart, and even though you may be amid new scenes and people, yet, the remembrance of one at whose side you have spent so many happy moments, will never fade away. No! Mignon, I never will forget you; and remember that you will always have a friend in me.

Mig. Thank you, Reginald, your friendship I shall esteem highly. *(gives him her hand, he kisses it. Exit, REGINALD, R.)* Alas! alas! to win love is to win sorrow as well. O! I wish I could love him, for sometimes I have strange forebodings, that Roger Glenmore is not what he should be. But my life must always be closely linked with his. *(exit, MIGNON, L.)*

Enter, MIKE, R. E.

Mike. Faix, and where is me charmin' Biddy? Sure now and me heart goes pit-a-pat ivery toime oi look at her purty face. I'll be atther huntin' her up and we'd take a walk under the soft junipers—no that aint right—but divil a bit's the difference.

Enter, POMP, L. E.

Pomp. Hey ye dirty wild Irishman, ye'd better be rubbin' down dem horses, and not be runnin' around here after Biddy.

Mike. O! shut up ye dirty nager, or I'll break ye'r head wid me shillaleah.

Enter, NED, L. E.

Ned. Hello! what's the racket now.

Mike. Sure now and aint he insultin' a jintleman.

Pomp. Where is dem gentleman's?

Enter, BIDDY, L. E.

Bid. Are ye havin' a campmeetin', me larkies.

Mike. O! Biddy, that black thing is insultin' me.

Pomp. I'm just as white as you are, if my skin is black.

Bid. Never mind boys, let's have a song.

All sing "That Little Black Mustache." During song MIKE mores around behind BIDDY and steals a kiss.

SCENE III.—Same as Scene 1st and 2nd. NED discovered seated.

Ned. (throwing down book) Botheration! I don't believe this grammar was intended to study. What good will it do me to know that a noun is a name, and how to conjugate the verb, love! it makes me sick! Well, there's one consolation, I know how to pop the question, I'll just say "I love, you love, what do you say my dear?" Well I guess I'll enjoy myself while I can, (lays down on sofa) for Millie will be in pretty soon and then I'll have to go at it again. I've been having a pretty easy time of it lately. She don't seem to be thinking of what she is doing. (sings a verse of little brown jug

Enter, MILDRED, L. E.

Mildred. Why Ned! is this the way you get your lesson. I thought I left you getting your grammar lesson.

Ned. I thought so too.

Mild. Well Ned, you will proceed at once to your lessons, or I shall have to inform your father of your conduct.

Ned. O! he don't care.

Mild. How do you know he don't?

Ned. He said so.

Mild. Why Ned! don't you know it is wrong to prevaricate?

Ned. Kate who?

Mild. Ned, it's very, very wicked to tell lies.

Ned. Is it?

Mild. Yes, don't you remember Annanias and Saphira.

Ned. Yes, I know 'em well.

Mild. Ned!

Ned. Millie!

Mild. They were struck dead for lying.

Ned. Yes, I heard it strike.

Mild. And, they went to—

Ned. Yep, I saw 'em go.

Mild. Ned! O! Ned, what shall I do with you?

Ned. Send me out in the garden for half an hour.

Mild. Well you may go, but return in half an hour.

Ned. You'r a brick, Mill. (exit, R., singing

Mild. That wretched boy, and yet I cannot help liking him. I feel that I am not doing my whole duty, for since Roger Glenmore came, my mind has been so troubled. I can see that he is trying to break off the attachment between us, and to win Mignon Armand. Now I know that he loved me for my money only, and I know that Guy Manning's love was pure and noble, and that Roger is trying to win Mignon only for her money. But still I love him. O! cruel cruel fate. (exit, R.

Enter, FANCHON, L. E.

Fan. To-day, I must either be true to my conscience and reject Harry Temple, or by accepting him, obey my father and give myself up to a life of misery. No! I cannot marry Harry Temple; although I might be willing to sacrifice my own happiness to please papa, yet, I could not render the life of Harry miserable, and I feel that it would be so, for I don't think he loves me, but is doing it more to

BROKEN LINKS.

please his father than from any other cause. I used to think he liked Ella Darling.

Enter, BIDDY, R., broom in hand.

Bid. There's a young man to see ye, me darlin'.

Fan. Show him up, Biddy.

Bid. (*aside*) Shure and it's Harry Temple. She'll be sure to reject him and her father will be awful mad. O! me heart aches for me poor darlin'.
(*exit, BIDDY, R.*)

Enter, HARRY TEMPLE, R. E.

Harry. Good morning Miss Fanchon.

Fan. Good morning, Harry.

Harry. How does it come that I find my old friend so pale and seemingly care worn?

Fan. Not careworn, but very sad to-day. But I will not trouble you with my sorrows.

Harry. I want to speak to you, to-day, Fanchon, about something which concerns us both deeply. You are aware, I suppose, that your father and mine have been fast friends all through their lives; and they decided years ago that there should be a closer union between their families; and it is my duty, Miss Fanchon, to ask you to be my wife. I honor and respect you and will endeavor to make you happy.

Fan. (*laying hand on his shoulder*) Harry, do you love me?

Harry. I—I Fanchon, why do you ask that question?

Fan. Because, Harry, I do not think it would be right for two persons to unite their lives unless a true love existed between them. Harry, I want to tell you that I respect you as an old friend, but I do not love you, and I do not think that you love me, but that you are doing it more to please your father, than from any other reason. Harry, am I not right?

Harry. Fanchon, you are right, I admire your candor and honesty, and will answer you as frankly, I do not love you, but was doing it more to please father, than from any other cause.

Fan. And suppose that we were willing to do this, merely to please our fathers, our lives would in all probability be unhappy; and even though I was willing to sacrifice my own happiness to papa, yet I could not bear the thought of making your life miserable.

Harry. Fanchon, your words are true. I see now it would be a grievous mistake; but O! if I could only please my old father.

Fan. To disobey my father, he, who has been so kind; who has watched over me for long years, ever since my poor mother died. Who has surrounded me with every luxury that heart could wish. O! this is the bitterest part of all.

Harry. I sympathize with you as only one can, who experiences the same sorrows. Fanchon, (*taking her hand*) I honor and respect you more to-day than ever before. I know now that you have a heart true and tried. We part as friends.

Fan. And your friendship I will prize. Good-bye.

Harry. Farewell, one of the truest and noblest of women.

(*exit, R.*)

Fan. O! Harry Temple, would to God I might love you, for in so doing, I would love a true and honest man.

BROKEN LINKS.

Enter, MR. ARMAND, L. E., both seated.

Mr. A. Well my little girl, I suppose that two hearts are made happy to-day, for I saw Harry Temple leaving a few minutes ago. Won't my little girl allow me to congratulate her?

Fan. Please don't papa.

Mr. A. And why not, Fanchon, has not a father a right to congratulate his own child. The child that he has watched and prayed over, and has seen her budding into womanhood with a jealous pride, who has endeavored to make her life happy and pleasant. Who has a better right, Fanchon?

Fan. No one father, but—but—

Mr. A. But what Fanchon?

Fan. Father, I have endeavored to return in some degree the love and care you have bestowed upon me. I have tried to obey you in every thing, because I loved you. But, father, though I love you truly and honestly, yet I could not marry a man I do not love.

Mr. A. (sternly) What do you mean, child?

Fan. I mean, father, that Harry Temple does not love me, and I do not love him.

Mr. A. Did he tell you so?

Fan. He asked me to marry him, father, but I saw it was because he thought it his duty and not because he loved me, and when I asked him if he loved me, he admitted he did not, and that it was only wishing to please his father, that he did so.

Mr. A. And you refused him?

Fan. Yes, father, I did.

Mr. A. What, you my child refuse to marry the man I choose for you.

Fan. Father!

Mr. A. Don't call me father, you are no child of mine.

Fan. O! father!

Mr. A. Silence! You, my child, whom I thought loved me, crossing my will in this way. Dashing fondest hopes to the ground, after all my efforts to make you happy, and all your talk about obedience.

Fan. Father, I do love you in spite of all you can say. But even my love will not allow me to make the life of a fellow being miserable.

Mr. A. Enough! enough! you are no longer a child of mine. (*rites*) Go! leave my house forever.

Fan. Father, I will go, I have no place to lay my head, but I turn to that Father, who never turns from his children, no matter how vile. I shall be fatherless from this hour, but through it all I will remember you as one of the truest and kindest of fathers.

Mr. A. (sternly) Go! I forbid you to ever darken my door again. I forbid you ever to see me again. Out of my house, out of my heart, and out of my memory forever.

Fan. Father! O! father.

Raises her hands imploringly to Heaven, then falls into chair, R. MIGNON, ROGER, REGINALD and MILDRED, enter in L. E., NED, MIKE, BIDDY and POMP, enter in R. E.; MR. ARMAND in defiance, L. MIGNON bends over FANCHON.

TABLEAU.

SLOW CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Woods—GUY MANNING and REGINALD DARLING discovered, both in hunting costumes, guns, etc.

Reg. Let's see! yes, 'tis three years since last we met, since they turned us loose from college and said we were educated. Ah! I little thought, Guy, when I left you when commencement was over, that within three years the whole current of my life would be changed, that I would be transformed from the gay careless fellow I was, to the man I am now. Ah! 'tis well we cannot see the future.

Guy. Do you know, Reginald, that I have been wondering what it was that has changed you so, I noticed it at once. You who were my pal in every college scrape, changed to a sober, sensible man. But, I too have had my sorrows, which have sobered me down considerably; and my purpose in coming to this deserted place on a hunting expedition, was to try to get away from this terrible aching at my heart.

Reg. Strange, indeed! Why that is just the reason that I have come here, and thank fortune I have met my classmate and friend.

Guy. Well, I guess we had better do as we used to when we had anything on our minds. Don't you remember?

Reg. Yes, I remember and I will tell you my story. (*both sit on log and smoke*) When I left college I had no serious thought of any woman, but when I met Mignon Armand, every thing changed. I saw in her a noble woman, one calculated to inspire love in any man, but she loves another, and my life is wrecked. I came out here that I might forget my grief and sorrow for a time, but forget Mignon Armand, I never can. Well, that's all of importance. 'Tis your turn now, Guy.

Guy. In telling your story, Reginald, you have told my own. The woman I loved, is loved by, and loves another man. O! would to God I had never seen Millie Norton.

Reg. (*starts*) Millie Norton!

Guy. Yes, but why do you start? Do you know anything of her?

Reg. Mildred Norton is governess to Mignon Armand's brother.

Guy. Then it is some other, for Millie Norton is an heiress.

Reg. How long is it since you have heard from her?

Guy. It has been several months.

Reg. Then it is the same, for Millie Norton lost her money but a few weeks ago, by the dishonesty of her guardian.

Guy. What? Millie Norton as governess! surely no man, even though vile as Roger Glenmore, would desert her.

Reg. (*in surprise starting to his feet*) Roger Glenmore!

Guy. Yes, do you know him?

Reg. That I do. Did you say he was engaged to Millie Norton?

Guy. Yes! yes! but tell—

Reg. Roger Glenmore is engaged to Mignon Armand.

Guy. Why man! how could he be? For I tell you he was engaged to Millie Norton when I left Earnscliff four months ago.

Reg. What was the character of the man?

Guy. Villain to the core.

Reg. I suspected as much. You say Millie Norton was rich, and was engaged to Roger Glenmore. Well since she has been governess at Armand's, Roger Glenmore has been paying attention to Mignon

Armand, who will be rich at her father's death, as he has disinherited his other daughter, Fanchon. It is plain to me that this Roger Glenmore is a fortune hunter.

Guy. And I knew him to be a villain. So Millie, my dear Millie is deserted. Well I will go to her and she shall know that she has at least one friend left. Miss Armand shall know of his villainy.

Reg. What are you going to do?

Guy. Do! why I am going to the one woman in the world whom I love, and who has been so cruelly deserted. And I am going to save Miss Armand from the clutches of a villain.

Reg. Thank you, Guy.

Guy. Will you go along?

Reg. With all my heart. I am as miserable away from Mignon as I am when with her.

Guy. Then come along old friend, for every cloud has a silver lining. (exeunt, R.)

SCENE II.—Same as Act I. POMP discovered singing.

Pomp. "In dem days when I was hard up
In want of wood and fire,
I used to tie my shoes up
Wid little bits of wire."

But now I is about the happiest culled gentleman on dis yere green earan, nuthin' much to do, and lot's to eat, but dis yere is a mighty queer house. O! here's de young gent.

Enter, NED, R. E.

Ned. Hello! you here. Say Pomp, what did Queen Elizabeth take her pill in?

Pomp. In de day time i 'spec.

Ned. No! inside. Do you see the point?

Pomp. Yes, but it is a mighty fine point, as it were.

Ned. Yes, or a side issue, so to speak. Hello! here comes me darin' Biddy.

Enter, BIDDY, L. E.

Bid. Och ye haythens be clarin' out now, I want to tidy up the room.

Ned. Have you taken that walk yet, Biddy.

Bid. Shut up ye haythen.

(sweeps)

Ned and Pomp. *(sing)*

Biddy's mad and I am glad
And I know what will please her,
A bottle of wine to make her shine
And Mike Donelly to squeeze her.

(BIDDY pursues them off R.)

Re-enter, NED and POMP, R., advance to C., cautiously.

Ned. Say!

Pomp. You say it.

Ned. Biddy will be back pretty soon, and Mike generally happens along about this time. Suppose we go into the conservatory and then come in one at a time and interrupt them.

Pomp. But I might get hurt.

Ned. No danger! Here they come.

Pomp. Here we go to de conservatory. (*exit, POMP and NED, R.*)

Enter, BIDDY and MIKE, L. E.

Mike. O! Biddy, me darlin', I'm all broke up on ye.

Bid. O! go way now, Mikey.

(*sweeps*)

Mike. O! Biddy, let's sit down here and our hearts will bate fast as we'll walk hand in hand under the juniper tree. (*both sit on sofa*) And Biddy, as the shades ov avenin' fall around us.—

Enter, NED, R. E.

(*both jump up*) What do you want here?

Ned. O! nothing but my ball. (*gets ball from table and exit, R.*)

Mike. O! me darlin', I've been thinkin' of ye much lately, and I tell ye it's moighty lonely for poor Mikey to be livin' alone.

Bid. (*puts apron over face*) O! Mikey.

Enter, POMP, R. E., both jump up.

O! ye haythen.

Pomp. Dis yere cullid gentleman don't want nothin' except a book for Mr. Armand.

(*gets book from table, exit R., MIKE and BIDDY seated again*)

Mike. O! Biddy, oive got a little pig, and a little house and a cat and a dog and—(*both much embarrassed*) as the shades of avenin' are fallin' and the stars shine brightly

Enter, NED and POMP, R. E.

our hearts—

(*kisses her*)

Pomp. His heart is now near her mouth.

(*BIDDY goes to sweeping, MIKE looks foolish*)

Ned. Is your heart batin' very fast?

Pomp. Is dem dere shades tumbled down yet?

Ned. How's your juniper comin' on?

Pomp. Twinkle, twinkle little star, (*pokes MIKE in ribs*)
How I wonder what you are,
As you shine on Biddy sweet,
While she walks with Mikey neat.

Mike. Och ye dirty haythen.

(*goes toward POMP*)

Pomp. (*dodges behind NED*) I hopes ye grasps the lingo of my chin.

NED sings chorus of "Little Black Mustache", all join in, and exeunt, MIKE and BIDDY, L., POMP and NED, R.

Enter, MR. ARMAND, L. E.—slow music.

Mr. A. Yes, yes, I drove her from home; Fanchon, my own darling child. O! that I could undo the rashness of that hour when I drove my baby girl from her father's house. O! God, I feel as if I

would go mad. I think of her all the time, dream of her at night; and last night I thought I heard her call me, I heard her call father! father! O! I will go mad! mad! O! Fanny! Fanny! come back to me.
(*exit, L., slow music*)

Enter, ROGER GLENMORE, R. E., MILLIE, L. E., hides back C.

Roger. What, no one here? Well so much the better; I will have time to lay my plans to get rid of Mildred Norton. Why the deuce, should she be employed here of all places in the world. It's well enough I put off our marriage, or I would have been in a pretty pickle. Thanks to that rascally guardian of hers. I wanted her money, and since her money is gone, I'll look for some one else. I guess that Mignon Armand is my game. She will inherit a large fortune at her father's death, which I do not think is far off. But I do not see how to get Mildred out of the way. I have already asked Mignon to marry me, and she has consented if her father is willing, and I have come to speak to him to-day. Well! well! 'tis money makes the mare go, and I'll have my share. (*looks L.*) Here they come.

Enter, MR. ARMAND and MIGNON, L. E., ROGER advances and gives hand to both.

Roger. (*aside to MIGNON*) My darling. (*all sit—aloud*) I suppose, Mr. Armand, that you already understand the object of my visit. It is to ask you for the hand of your daughter.

Mr. A. Yes, Mignon has told me all, I can see no reason why I should forbid it. God knows I have wrecked enough lives already. But you must live with me, Mignon is all the daughter I have, and I can't part with her. Yes, you have my consent and may God bless you both.

Roger. Mr. Armand, I know that I have won a jewel and I shall love, reverence and respect her, (*aside*) for her money.

Mr. A. (*taking ROGER's hand*) And I am glad that I am giving her to an honest man.

MR. ARMAND goes L., MILDRED comes from hiding place up C.—all start.

Roger. (*aside*) My God! I am lost.

Mild. Stop one moment, Mr. Armand, I would tell you my story—I was not always poor as you see me now. I was not always a governess, but an heiress; my suitors were many, but I turned from them all and gave my heart to that man. (*points to ROGER*) That man who told me he loved me. Well, I was very happy for a time, but my guardian speculated with my money and lost it all, and I was penniless; and what did he (*points to ROGER*) do? He cruelly deserted me, because I had lost my money. I heard him admit it, in this very room but a few moments ago.

Roger. Woman you are mad.

Mild. No! I am not mad, but it is a wonder I am not; but your villainy shall be exposed. (*turning to MR. ARMAND and MIGNON*) And I heard him say, that he was marrying you for your money and—

Mig. O! Roger.

Mild. And that he would have it by fair means or foul. Mignon,

will you marry such a man and thereby wreck your life? And you Mr. Armand, will you let your daughter—all the girl you have left, marry a villain?

Mr. A. What say you to these charges, Mr. Glenmore?

Roger. Nothing, she is a mad woman.

Mild. No! I tell you, not mad! but nearly so by your villainy. And I give you warning to-day, Roger Glenmore, never again cross my path, or you will find to your sorrow, that it is no small matter to trifle with a woman's affections. I loved you once, but now I hate you.

Mr. A. Roger Glenmore, leave my house at once and never darken my door again. (*MIGNON sinks in chair, head on table*)

Roger. (*to MILDRED*) Take care woman, I *shall* be revenged.

Mild. Revenge! you talk of revenge. Look at that girl there, bowed down with grief. You are the cause; you whispered words of love in her ear, as you did in mine, you promised her love as you promised me and we were fools enough to give our hearts to you, O! God, such villainy, but I will be avenged.

Roger. Mildred!

Mild. Hush! don't speak my name. I say I will be avenged and may God have mercy on your soul.

MILDRED suddenly draws pistol from her breast and fires, ROGER sinks to floor, R. MILDRED with upraised pistol, L., MR. ARMAND startled; MIGNON bending over ROGER; HARRY TEMPLE and NED enter in R. E., POMP, MIKE and BIDDY enter in L. E.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

A lapse of two years between Act II and III.

SCENE I.—Same as Act I. REGINALD and GUY discovered as curtain rises.

Reg. Well, how goes it, old boy?

Guy. Bad, bad, I have done all I could to find Millie. I have hired the best detectives, and searched myself, but all to no avail. It seems to me Reginald, as if something had gone from my life forever. I have almost despaired of ever finding Millie; and yet I think if she knew how my heart is always with her, she would let me know where she is. But O! the agony of knowing that she is somewhere, perhaps unprotected, and I unable to help her.

Reg. Nay, do not despair, Guy; for something tells me she will be brought home at last.

Guy. I hope to God it may be so; but have they heard nothing of Fanchon?

Reg. No! nothing. It has been two years since she left home, and yet they have not heard one word from her. Her father, who so unjustly drove her from home, has lost his mind. Mr. Armand's

physician says that nothing but the return of Fanchon will restore his reason.

Guy. Well, we will hope for the best. I am going again in search of Millie, and Harry Temple will go with me to search for Fanchon. There is something strange about Harry; they say that he did not care for Fanchon when she left home, but since she has gone, he has made every endeavor to find her. It is very strange.

Reg. Not very strange either, Guy. It is but one of the freaks of the human heart.

Enter, HARRY, R. E.

Harry. Oh! Reginald and Guy, how do you do? I suppose that you, Guy, will be ready to start with me to-morrow.

Guy. Yes, but where will we go?

Harry. What matters it? (*paces stage*) O! anything to get away from a place where everything reminds me of the woman I love. O! what a fool I have been! I told her I did not love her! But I did not know how much I cared for her till she was gone from me forever.

Guy. Do not despair, old boy, the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Will you go with us Reginald.

Reg. No! I have business interests, which require my presence here, and then I would rather be near Mignon; she needs my help.

Guy. That is right, Reginald, but come Harry, let us go, I have some preparations to make and would like to have you with me. We will see you again, Reginald, before we leave.

(exit, HARRY and GUY, R.)

Reg. Poor boys, how my heart aches for them. I wonder if Mignon Armand's love for Roger Glenmore is the same to-day as it was two years ago. I feel tempted to ask her to be my wife. Yes, I will. Surely she will not turn from me again.

*Enter, MR. ARMAND, supported by MIGNON, REGINALD retires up C.—
music.*

Mig. Here, father; take this easy chair. (*seats him*)

Mr. A. Yes, you are a good girl, Mignon, and Fanchon will be in pretty soon. O! how proud I am of Fanchon.

Mig. (*to REGINALD*) His mind is wandering.

Mr. A. How proud I am of all my family. But where's Fanchon and my wife Mollie. Call them in Mignon, call them home.

Mig. They have been called home, father.

Mr. A. And Ned, where is Ned? He's a fine boy, Mignon, and Fanny, she is just twelve years old to-day. She will make a beautiful woman, and she shall marry my old friend's son, Harry Temple, and we will all be happy.

Mig. You are not well to-night, father; let me take you to your room.

Mr. A. No! Mignon, I feel as if there was something wrong up here. (*hand to forehead*)

Mig. Come, father. (*exit, MIGNON and MR. ARMAND, L.*)

Reg. Poor man! yes, Mignon was right. His wife has been called home. (*exit, R.*)

Enter, MIKE, L. E.

Mike. Oi'm the happiest man alive. Me darlin' Biddy has promi-

sed to be my wife. And as the stars are falling. No! as the junipers are falling. O! botheration; I'll go and find Biddy. *(exit, R.*

Enter, MIGNON, L. E.

Mig. O! what a miserable life to lead; my sister an outcast; my father bereft of reason; and the man I now love, turns from me.

Enter, REGINALD, R. E., unobserved, retires up R.

O! if Reginald only knew how my heart turned to him to-night! He has befriended me in my affliction and I love him.

Reg. My darling!

Mig. O! Reginald, you here?

Reg. Yes, here in time to hear the words that have made me the happiest man on earth. O! Mignon, is it so that you love me?

Mig. Yes, Reginald, I loved Roger Glenmore as a girl, but I love you as a woman.

Reg. Thank Heaven!

(they embrace)

Mig. Reginald, when I found out the true character of Roger Glenmore, and contrasted his villainy with your honesty and virtue, I found my heart turning to you and did not repent it. And to-night, Reginald, I can say that my heart is wholly and unreservedly yours.

SCENE II.—Street—evening. Street lamp set up C., stage gradually grows dark as scene progresses. BOY with papers discovered.

Boy. Here's your evening papers! Times, World, News, Express. All about the great bank robbery, cyclone, etc. Here's your papers, only five cents.

Enter, GUY and HARRY, L. E.

Here's your papers, gentlemen, Times, News— *(Guy buys paper Harry (buttoning up coat) 'Tis bitter cold to-night, Guy. I pity these poor newsboys, who have to brave all kinds of weather.*

Guy. Yes, yes, but physical pain is not always the hardest to bear. 'Tis the pain of the heart that cuts the hardest. And it seems to me, Harry, as if our search will be useless.

Harry. Yes, sometimes I feel so; but I love to be out on such nights as this; and I think that maybe Fanchon will be out. But have you heard nothing from home.

Guy. Yes, I got a long letter from Reginald. He seems to be the happiest man on earth, for Mignon has at last consented to be his wife. I almost envy him his happiness.

Stage darkens. Enter, MAN, R., lights street lamp.

Harry. Reginald is a good fellow and deserves it. He will make her a good husband.

Guy. Yes, he is a good man. But I wonder if there's anything new, perhaps this paper will give us a clew of Fanchon or Mildred.

(GUY and HARRY retire up C., and read paper by street lamp)

Enter, FANCHON, R. E.

Fan. O! what a bitter night to be out. But what matters it, what difference does it make to me. Homeless and friendless in this cruel heartless world. O! how I long to see my dear folks once more! Dear Ned and Mignon, and Mildred, and O! papa, how could you be

so hard as to turn your child out to the mercy of a heartless world. And Harry Temple, my heart turns to him now, because I know he was a true and loyal man. O! that I had never seen Reginald Darling. I feel some times as if I would rather die and be at rest.

(paces stage)

Guy. Thank God!

Harry. What is it, Guy?

Guy. Read that.

Harry. *(reads aloud)* If this should fall into the hands of Guy Manning, let him hasten to the death-bed of his old friend, Millie, at No. 216, 37th street, New York.

Guy. Millie, but O! Harry, the death-bed.

Harry. It may not be so bad. Do not despair. You will bring her back to health and happiness.

Guy. We can only hope and pray that such may be the case. But O! Harry, to think that she is in the same city to-night, after all these weary years of separation. I will go to her at once.

Harry. Yes, you had better, she may be dying. But look at that woman there, I have noticed her for some time.

Guy. And so have I.

HARRY and GUY come down C., and sit n—music, soft, continues till close of scene.

Fan. Yes, homeless and friendless. O! I cannot endure it! I will go mad! Yes, mad! What use to live; 'tis better far to die! It cannot be worse than this! Yes, I will end this misery and be at rest—*(takes pistol from breast)* O! if only Harry—

Harry. My God! it is Fanchon.

(rushes to her and catches her in his arms, GUY takes pistol)

Fan. O! Harry! *(Boy heard calling papers off R.)*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Same as Act I. NED discovered singing 'Tara-boom de-ra.'

Enter, POMP, L. E.

Pomp. Was you habin' a concert?

Ned. Yes, can you sing?

Pomp. You can jes, bet dat dis yere culled gentleman is a warbler from way back. I'se de canary bird.

Ned. What will we sing?

Pomp. I don't belief I'll sing; it wouldn't be right.

Ned. Why not?

Pomp. 'Cause dese people ain't prepared to die.

Enter, MIKE and BIDDY, R. E

Pomp. Bin out taking a walk?

Ned. Did your hearts beat fast?

Pomp. Twinkle, twinkle little star;
How I wouda—

Mike. Shut up, ye haythen, oi'r I'll bust yer head wid meshelalah.

Pomp. (*dodging behind NED*) Be careless there. I'se a dangerous community when I get's started.

Bid. Faix, and I could mop the floor up with ye, ye haythen.

Pomp. Ah! now, "darlin Biddy," I've got a little pig, and a little—

Bid. Shut up, will ye.

(*pursues him off L.*)

Re-enter, POMP, L. E.

Pomp. I hope ye grasps de lings ob my chin.

Ned. Come, this is enough of this; let's have a song. What will you take?

Pomp. Lager.

Ned. O! shaw; let's sing the latest song out.

(*introduce one of the late comic songs, then all exit except POMP*)

Pomp. (*looks around*) Clare to goodness, dey is all gone, and I is monarch of all I survey. Wonda what I can do to amuse myself; I'se tired of singing, can't read, won't work, and is tetotally unused to prayin'. But here comes Mas'r. R'ginald; he seems to be in a pretty good humor. Guess I'd betta skip. (*exit, R.*)

Enter, REGINALD, L. E.

Reg. Well, happiness has dawned upon me at last; and fortune is now smiling upon me, instead of the frowns I am used to. What changes have come over those I have known in the past few years. Fanchon Aru and disinherited and an outcast; my old friend Guy searching all over the world for the woman he loves, but whom I am afraid he will never find; and Mignon, what a change in her. I feel to-day, as if life was worth living. But I am afraid that Mr. Aru and is not long for this world. Poor man, how bitterly he repents his deed; and yet all his repentence will not bring back his child; would to Heaven it would. But all his tears and regrets will not bring Fanchon back. Fanny, he used to call her; and now I often hear him saying that pet name over and over again. But here comes Mignon.

Enter, MIGNON, L. E.

Mignon!

Mig. Well, Reginald.

Reg. I've been thinking what a change the absence of Fanchon makes.

Mig. O! Reginald, I am thinking of her always. It seems to me I would give almost anything to see her again; and father's physician says that Fanchon's return is the only thing that will restore his reason. O! Reginald, it is terrible.

Reg. Yes, Mignon, but we will hope for the best.

Mig. But have you heard nothing from Harry or Guy.

Reg. Nothing.

Mig. Then the search must be fruitless indeed.

Reg. I am afraid so; but we will not despair. But Mignon, I have been selfish enough to forget them since you told me of your love for me.

Mig. Reginald, it was your devotion which won me. I saw you absenting yourself from society, and almost deserting your business,

that you might be with me and help me in my affliction; and I knew that your love was true and honest, and my heart turned to you.

Reg. My darling, you are worth all I have done to win you; may God bless our union and make us happy. But I must say good-by for a little while; as business demands my presence down town. But how is your father to-day?

Mig. We think him some worse. We keep him securely locked in his room, as he is violent at times; and he talks almost incessantly of Fanchon. O! it is terrible.

Reg. Yes, but we can only pray, Mignon, that God will lift this dark cloud from our home. Good-by, Mignon. *(exit, R.)*

Mig. Good, noble man; what would I have done without him. Such a difference between he and Roger Glenmore; and I wonder where Millie is to-night. My heart aches for her. *(exit, L.)*

Enter, MR. ARMAND, R. E.—music.

Mr. A. What! no one here? Ah! well, I have escaped them this time and now I will hunt for Fanchon; my own dear Fanny. They say I drove her from home, but it's a lie, a base, black lie; how could I drive Fanny from home? And they keep me locked up, but I've escaped them, and now I am going to look for Fanchon. Curse them, why do they keep me from her? They say I'm mad. No! I am not mad. *(pause)* Yes, I am mad. It all comes back to me now; I drove her away. Yes, I am mad! mad! mad! But they drove me mad, and they shall suffer. Ah! I have it, I will burn them out, curse them. *(takes match from table, exit, R.)*

Re-enter, MR. ARMAND, R. E., turns and sees fire off R.

My God! what have I done?

(falls to floor C., red fire off R.—cries of fire! fire!)

SCENE II.—Poorly furnished room, chairs and cable; MILDRED in re-clining chair, C.—music as curtain rises.

Mild. O! will he come? Will he forget the injuries I have done him? How I have spurned his love, which must have been sincere? O! Guy, come to me that I may tell you of my love for you now. I did not love you then. No! no! I did not. Would to God that I had, then your life and mine would have been very different; they would not have been wrecked as they have been; but I turned from your love and spurned it, and gave my heart to that villain Glenmore. But O! will he come to such an unworthy creature as I am?

Enter NURSE. L. E.

Has he come?

Nurse. Yes, but are you strong enough to see him?

Mild. (eagerly) Yes! yes! let him come to me?

Nurse. I will, my lady, but you are not strong. *(exit, L.)*

Mild. No! I am not strong; will I ever be strong again.

Enter, GUY, L. E., kisses MILDRED and kneels by chair.

Guy. Millie, O! Millie.

Mild. Guy, I am so glad you have come!

Guy. Oh! Millie, why did you not send for me sooner.

Mild. Millie, Oh! how that name thrills me. I have not heard it since that summer, long years ago, when I heard it from the lips of

him who wrecked my life. O! Guy, do you not shudder to-day as you stand in the presence of a murderess?

Guy. No! Millie, my great love for you covers up all your faults.

Mild. O! 'tis sweet to be loved like that.

Guy. Millie, when I heard how Glenmore had deserted you, I started at once to you; but on my way I learned that you had killed him, and had fled. no one knew where. But I resolved to find you, and have searched every where for you, and was about to leave New York, when I saw your advertisement in the paper; and now, thank God, we shall never part.

Mild. (sadly) Guy, I want to tell you how in the many months of my exile, my heart has turned to you, and I felt that some where in the world you were true to me. But I knew that I was not worthy of your love. Guy, I can hardly tell you how I came to fire that shot; and when I fled, I cared not where I went; my mind seemed crazed. Guy, before I die I want you to tell me that you will forgive me for all I have made you suffer.

Guy. Millie, darling Millie, I forgive you all.

Mild. Guy, I have so often thought of that summer evening, when you told me that you loved me. I turned from you then; but O! if I had loved you then, it would all have been so different, so different, but I am thankful that you have been permitted to come even now.

Guy. Millie, I want to tell you how I have thought of you, all through the weary months of our separation; your image was ever uppermost in my heart. Millie, you remember that rustic seat where we sat on that eventful night when I told you of my love. I have sat there often, Millie, when the stars seemed to mock me in my silent misery; with only God to keep me company. Everything reminded me of you, and I longed to find you and bring you back to that same old place. O! Millie, my heart has been wrung with anguish, which no one ever knew, except myself. But Millie, how pale you look.

Mild. Do not be frightened, Guy; it is what I have been expecting; I am dying.

Guy. No! do not speak of dying; I will send for your nurse.

Mild. No! Guy, I want to die with you alone, for the—end—is—near.

Guy. O! Millie, I cannot give you up now, just when I have found you.

Mild. Yes, you must give me up, but only for a little while, for the time will come when we will never part; for though the world censured me, yet God pitied and forgave me, and I trust Guy, that I am going home, home where my sainted mother is, and where my old father waits for me; and you will come, Guy, and we will be at rest forever. Take a message back to those I used to love, tell them I died repentant. Guy, I am growing weaker, raise my head and let me die upon your breast.

(GUY supports her)

Guy. Millie, O! Millie.

Mild. Yes, Guy, I am dying; we must part, but only for a little while, for we shall meet again. Farewell, Guy, "until eternity."

(GUY lays her tenderly back; soft music till close of scene)

Guy. Yes, Millie, farewell "until eternity." Your sin was great, but your repentance and love was greater. Our lives here have been wrecked, but in the great beyond we shall again meet.

(GUY stands with bowed head)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE.—Same as Act I. REGINALD, MIGNON and HARRY discovered seated. FANCHON discovered kneeling before MR. ARMAND. Scene opens to air of "Home, Sweet Home."

Fan. Father, your pardon?

Mr. A. Nay, Fanchon, do not ask my pardon. Rise! (*she rises*) Better far that I should go down on my knees for your pardon. O! what a mistake I made; I boasted of my will being law; but it was that same will that has made me suffer for years, and that has brought misery to us all.

Fan. But 'tis all over now, father,

Mr. A. Yes, 'tis all over now; but O! how could I have done it. No wonder it drove me mad; my mind seemed crazed, and I even tried to burn down my own home. But thank God, that is all past.

Fan. Yes, father, all past. Do not let us refer to it again. I shudder to think of the life I have led; wandering up and down the face of the earth, with no place to lay my head. Home never seemed so much to me before. (*music, "Home Sweet Home" till close of FANCHON'S speech*) But now it is everything; for in the weary years of my exile, I have longed to be with you all again; to hear your familiar voices, and to see the forms which were very dear to me.

Enter, POMP and NED, L. E.

Ned. Hello, I guess your all here but Mike and Biddy.

Pomp. 'Specs dey's court n' in de kitchen.

Mr. A. So Mike is going to marry Biddy?

Pomp. Yes, Mike's got Biddy on de brain, but not much brain on Biddy.

Mr. A. O! your jealous, Pomp.

Pomp. No! sah, I is not jealous. I is a gentleman of cullur I is, an' I don't mix wid no Irish trash. But Mike has got it bad. "Pomp. says he a takin' me ob de hand, I'se de happiest man a libin' on dis yere green earth. I is gwine ter hab a little cot and a little patch for praties; and I 'spects dat some day I'll be de bouncing fader ob a proud boy."

Harry. Well Pomp, Fanchon here has consented to be my wife, and (*turning to MR. ARMAND*) your wish will at last be granted. I love your daughter and will endeavor to make her life bright and happy.

Pomp. Clare to goodness! dat knocks de linin' out ob dis yere culled gentleman.

Fan. Yes, father, I have consented to be Harry Temple's wife. I did not love him when I left home, but I love him now.

Mr. A. (*overcome*) Heaven bless you, my children!

Reg. And perhaps you will all be surprised to learn that Mignon and I will enter into a life partnership.

Pomp. (*pacing stage*) Will wonder neber cease?

Mr. A. I can willingly entrust her to your care, for I know you to be a noble man.

Enter, MIKE and BIDDY, R. E.

Ned. Been out taking a walk?

Pomp. Is dem hearts ob yours beating very fast?

Bid. Shut up, ye haythen.

Mike. Or I'll crack yer head with me shelalah.

Mr. A. I understand, Mike, that you and Biddy will soon enter into a matrimonial state.

Pomp. Say, Mas'r, am dat near de state ob Caleforne? 'Cause I have an old aunt out there that left me and my brudder a large legacy.

Mr. A. Is that so? What did she leave you?

Pomp. "Well, she left my brudder de inside ob de house and me de outside."

Ned. What did she die of?

Pomp. Want of bref, I 'spec.

Mr. A. Well, Mike, allow me to congratulate you and wish you all happiness. Married life is somewhat of an experiment, which every man must try for himself.

Mike. Oi'm thinking oi'll try it a whack.

Pomp. (*dodging behind NED*) Who is you going to whack?

Ned. It's awful jolly to be all together. Let's have a song.

Pomp. You musn't sing so much, child, you'll strain de local organs.

Mike. Give us all a show, will ye?

(*MR. ARMAND starts "Auld Lang Syne"—all sing*)

Pomp. (*suddenly*) Great Govenah! struck me all ob a sudden.

Mr. A. Well, what is it?

Pomp. Where was de candle when Peter went out after dark?

(*all laugh*)

Fan. Everybody seems to be in a good humor. O! how sweet it is to be among those you love.

Pomp. (*aside*) Clare to goodness! She's er gwine to pray.

Mig. Yes, it is sweet to be among those you love, for love is the ender tie that binds us all together.

POMP suddenly sings first verse of "Little Brown Jug." Comic characters all join in on chorus.

Mr. A. Pomp, you will please keep quiet ten minutes.

Harry. Would'nt it be pleasant if we could all be kept together, as we are now?

Pomp. Say, Mas'r, is dem ten minutes pretty near up? 'Cause I'd like to make an obserbation.

Mr. A. Well, what is it?

Pomp. O! nothin' much; only if we'se all goin' to stay here, we'll have to put a condition to de house.

Mr. A. We will see to that, my boy.

Reg. We may be kept together here for a while, but death will single us out, one by one.

Mike. Faith, and can't he use his lolliker well, Biddy?

Bid. Yes indade, love.

Ned. Say, Pomp!

Pomp. Wid as many slick talkers as dere is around here, disculled gentleman don't feel called upon to say it.

Ned. Why is a cat's tail like a long lane?

Pomp. Kase it's fur to de end. Give us a hard kerfundrum.

Mr. A. Come boys, I guess we have had as many "kerfundrums" as we can digest. But as we are all together, I would like to say a few words to you all. I always prided myself on my strength of will, and though it is a great thing, but it has wrecked my life. Crush your wills and have them under your subjection. And if any

of you ever have children of your own, never stand in their way to happiness; for by so doing you will wreck their lives, and thus prove yourself a curse instead of a blessing. Remember my life, and take warning.

Pomp. You bet, Mas'r, I grasps de lings ob your chin.

Reg. O! how I pity Guy to-night; my dear old college friend; for no doubt he is standing to-night by the grave of the one woman in the world that inspired in him one degree of love.

Mr. A. Yes, we all pity him. And now my children, we will have a grand triple wedding. I think that you will give in to an old man's whim in this; and we will forget the past, and live for the future alone. Let the future pages of our life be bright and pure; and we will all live together here, even though we may have to take Pomp's advice and put a "condition" to the house; and we will all be happy, and I trust that we shall so live, that, after death has parted us, we shall all meet Mill e in that grand reunion beyond the river.

Mike. And now friends, as the stars shine brightly, and the evening shades are falling, our hearts will bate fast, as we'll wander hand in hand, beneath the juniper tree.

Pomp. (bowing) Ladies and gentleman, dis yere culled gentleman feels called upon to make a few remarks. I want to congratulate all ob you folks dat is enterin' de matrimonial state. I don't know whe Ida dat state hab been admitted or not, but I know dat it is getting to be pretty well populated; and I also hope's dat you won't hab any trouble wid dat frisky little thing dat dey calls de human heart, for it makes a heap ob misery in de's yere world, and I hope dat you all grasps de lings ob my chin. (bows)

POMP.

NED.

MIKE.

MR. B.

BIDDY.

REGINALD.

HARRY.

MIGNON.

FANCHON

MUSIC.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

↔ Claim Ninety-Six. ↔

A Border Drama in 5 acts by Len Ware, for 8 male and 5 female characters. This drama is replete with startling situations and thrilling incidents.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The Land of Gold.

Scene I.—Toomstone, a mining town in California. Jerry Mack's saloon. Guy Lester, king of counterfeiters. Nell. The toast. Claim Ninety-Six. The meanest man. A plan to steal Charley Grey's dust. Arrival of Major Dolittle, from Kentucky. Nell and the Major. A love scene, which ends in "gin and peppermint."

Scene II.—Charley Grey and Mack. Ebony, the boot black. Ebony's advice. Guy Lester, the octoroon. Toomstone quiet. "Slaves, runaway niggers." Ebony keeps his eyes open.

Scene III.—Sacramento Joe and Nell. Nell's history. The little black book. Nell locks Sacramento Joe in the cellar. Bell and Mack. Guy discovers Mack's secret. "Nigger whipper, slave driver." The quarrel. Sacramento Joe. "Don't pull boys, I've got the drop on ye, and I don't give a cuss."

ACT II.—Home of Bell Mack.

Scene I.—Nell's advice. Ebony tells Nell of the raid to be made on Charley Grey's cabin. "Nell will be on deck to-night." "I golly, dis chile will be dar' too."

Scene II.—Mack's bad luck. A compact of crime sealed. Nell on the war-path. Ebony's fright. "Now I—I—lay me down."

Scene III.—Charley Grey's cabin. Mack and Guy searching for the gold dust. Timely arrival of Nell and Ebony. "Throw up your hands or you are dead men." Escape of the robbers. Sacramento Joe, "I don't care a cuss."

ACT III.—Arthur Brandon's Home.

Scene I.—The lost child. A living trouble. Bessie Grey deposits the gold dust in Mr. Brandon's safe. Guy Lester interviews Mr. Brandon in regards to the Grey's gold.

Scene II.—Peterson, the apple sass man from Vermont, in search of a meal. Ebony and Peterson. Snubbed by Bessie. "Squashed, tetotally squashed."

Scene III.—Mack and Guy congratulate themselves on their escaping Nell's bullet. "Charley Grey's wife will run Toomstone." Peterson and his four barrels of apple sass. "Polly Ann Spriggins." Peterson proposes to Nell. The game of cards, Bessie Grey interrupts the game. The way to Vermont. The wife beater. Mack faces Nell's rifle the second time.

Scene IV.—Peterson, "a thin pair of pants and a light heart." Murder of Sacramento Joe. Nell on the war-path.

Scene V.—The safe robbery and murder of Mrs. Brandon. Nell arrives on the scene.

ACT IV.—Gold Dust Saloon.

Scene I.—Ebony and Nell. Arrest of Nell for the murder of Mrs. Brandon. "I'm not guilty."

Scene II.—Major Dolittle and Ebony. Jennie, the octoroon, a runaway slave, meets her former master. The slave brand. "I could kill you."

Scene III.—Bell's grief at the arrest of Nell; Ebony's attempt to comfort her. "I golly, dis chile's eyes am leakin'."

ACT V.—Street.

Scene I.—Mack and Guy break open the jail and escape with Nell, the prisoner, to the mountain. Major Dolittle and Ebony arrange a plan to rescue Nell. Guy's secret discovered.

Scene II.—Jennie tells Guy of her meeting Major Dolittle, "that cursed mark." Jennie and Nell in the cave. The quarrel, Jennie's murderous attempt to kill Nell. Mack interferes. The secret of the octoroons disclosed. Jennie stabs Mack. Guy and Jennie escape. Ebony and Major Dolittle rescue Nell. Mack reveals to Nell who her parents are.

Scene III.—Return of Nell, Ebony and Major Dolittle, to Toomstone. News of Mack's death. Charley Grey regains his stolen gold. Nell to return East with her father. Ebony can't be left behind to be hoo-dooed.

Dramatic clubs wanting a good play should certainly try
"CLAIM 96." Price 25c.

NOTE.—Hereafter the name "Nugget Nell" in the title of play, "Nugget Nell; or, Claim 96," will be dropped and published as Claim Ninety-Six. No other changes made.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M.	F.	NO.		M.	F.
Comedies Continued.							
237	Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6	3	140	How He Popped the Quest'n.	1	1
126	Our Daughters	8	6	74	How to Tame M-in-Law	4	2
265	Pug and the Baby	5	3	35	How Stout Your Getting	5	2
114	Passions	8	4	247	Incompatibility of Temper	1	2
264	Prof. James' Experience			95	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3
	Teaching Country School	4	3	305	Jacob Shlaff's Mistake	3	2
219	Rags and Bottles	4	1	99	Jimmie Jones	3	2
239	Scale with Sharps and Flats	3	2	11	John Smith	5	3
221	Solon Shingle	14	2	99	Jumbo Jum	4	3
262	Two Bad Boys	7	3	82	Killing Time	1	1
87	The Biter Bit	3	2	182	Kittie's Wedding Cake	1	3
131	The Cigarette	4	2	127	Lick Skillet Wedding	2	2
240	\$2,000 Reward	2	0	228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3	0
TRAGEDIES.				302	Locked in a Dress-maker's Room	3	2
16	The Serf	6	3	106	Lodgings for Two	3	0
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.				288	Love in all Corners	5	3
129	Aar-u-ag-oos	2	1	139	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
132	Actor and Servant	1	1	231	Match for a other-Min-Law	2	2
289	A Colonel's Mishap		0	235	More Blunders than one	4	3
12	A Capita Match	3	2	69	Mother's Fool	6	1
303	A Kiss in the Dark	2	3	23	My Heart's in Highlands	4	3
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law	4	6	208	My Precious Betsey	4	4
30	A Day Well Spent	7	5	212	My Turn Next	4	3
169	A Regular Fix	2	4	32	My Wife's Relations	4	4
286	A Professional Gardener	4	2	186	My Day and Now-a-Days	0	1
80	Alarmingly Suspicious	4	3	278	My Neighbor's Wife	3	3
78	An Awful Criminal	3	3	296	Nanka's Leap Year Venture	5	2
31	A Pet of the Public	4	2	259	Nobody's Moke	5	2
21	A Romantic Attachment	3	3		Obedience	1	2
123	A Thrilling Item	3	1	33	On the Sly	3	2
20	A Ticket of Leave	3	2	57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2
175	Betsey Baker	2	2	217	Paten' Washing Machine	4	1
8	Better Half	5	2	165	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3
86	Black vs. White	4	2	195	Poor Pilcody	2	3
22	Captain Smith	3	3	159	Quiet Family	4	4
84	Cheek Will Win	3	0	171	Rough Diamond	4	3
287	Cousin Josiah	1	1		Ripples		0
225	Cupid's Capers	4	4	267	Room 44	2	0
249	Double Election	9	1	48	Schnaps	1	1
49	Der Two Surprises	1	1	138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
72	Deuce is in Him	5	1	115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	3	3
19	Did Dream it	4	3	55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
42	Domestic Felicity	1	1	232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
188	Dutch Prize Fighter	5	0	241	Struck by Lightning	2	2
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger	3	6	270	Slick and Skinner	5	0
148	Eb? What Did You Say	3	1		Slasher and Crasher	5	2
218	Everybody Astonished	4	0	1	Taking the Census	1	1
224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1	252	That Awful Carpet Bag	3	3
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	2	1	40	That Mysterious B'dle	2	2
154	Fun in a Post Office	4	2	38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
184	Family Discipline	0	1	101	The Coming Man	3	1
274	Family Jars	5	2	167	Turn Him Out	3	2
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5	3	291	The Actor's Scheme	4	4
13	Give Me My Wife	3	3	308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge	4	2
307	Halabahoo! the Medicine Man	4	3	285	The Mashers Mashed	5	2
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	68	The Sham Professor	4	0
271	Hans Brummel's Cafe	5	0	295	The Spellin' Skewl	7	6
116	Hash	4	2	54	The Two T. J's	4	2
120	H. M. S. Plum	1	1	28	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2
50	How She has Own Way	1	3	292	Tim Flaunigan	5	0
				142	Tit for Tat	2	1
				276	The Printer and His Devils	3	1



Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.	M.	F.	NO.	M.	F.
203		2	109	3	2
7	3	1	297		2
281	0	8	134		0
269	6	2	258	5	0
170	2	2	177	3	0
213	5	3	96	2	1
151	2	1	107	5	0
56	5	3	133	3	0
70	2	8	179	3	3
135	4	5	94	3	0
147	1	2	243	3	0
135			25	2	0
	0	4	92	2	1
111	3	1	238	2	0
157	7	3	10	2	0
ETHIOPIAN FARCES.					
204	6	0	64	3	1
65	3	1	253	4	1
15	1	1	282	3	0
172	4	2	122	5	0
98	4	2	118	3	1
222	3	0	6	3	0
214	3	0	108	5	0
145	2	1	245	3	0
190	5	0	4	3	1
27	2	0	197	5	2
230	6	1	198	5	2
153	2	0	216	3	1
103			206	4	1
	2	1	210	6	1
24	2	0	203	1	1
236	2	0	205	4	0
47	3	0	156	3	0
77	2	1	GUIDE BOOKS.		
88	4	2	17		
256	2	1	130		
128	2	0	CANTATA.		
90	3	1	215	4	6
61	3	0	TABLEAUX.		
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